

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 853.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 1873.

VOL. XXXIII. No. 19.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

From Hauptmann's Letters to Hause.

II.

... I have been going over Handel's *Israel* a good deal. It seems to me almost his richest oratorio, in single pieces certainly the most genial. How wonderfully he always hits the right musical expression of the text, whenever it is capable of such—in the Frog aria, to be sure, there was nothing left for him but the hopping. Some of the choruses must be heard all through; several of them acquire a quite peculiar color through the ancient keys or *modes* in which they are more freely or strictly set. We spoke once, I believe, about our most modern music, how, with all its boasted wealth of harmony, it yet moves poor enough in the two chords of the Tonic and Dominant; in all the modulation into remote keys, these two only reappear transposed, whereas Bach, tarrying in one key, finds material enough for the unfolding of the richest variety, since he uses not only these two, but all the harmonies which lie in the key. Something similar (more dissimilar to be sure) appears to me to lie in the distinction between our Major and Minor and the old Modes; the former are mere transposition of one and the same key; the latter differ wholly from each other in the order in which the steps and half-steps succeed each other in their scales; each is decidedly peculiar, and as Handel uses them in *Israel* the effect is corresponding; for instance the Chorus, No. 11, which is altogether Phrygian, and No. 21, in which the scale is treated wholly in the Doric manner.—This sort of thing ought not to be thrown into the lumber room as useless rubbish; it is just what might do good service against the sentimental tendency of these times; it almost compels one to be strong.

... I just now found a passage in Schlegel's lectures, where he says: "The Art and Poetry of the Greeks was the expression of the perfect healthfulness of their existence, of the conscious harmony of all the faculties *within the limits of the Finite*."—Might we not, in this relation, call Mozart antique, Beethoven modern, or, to avoid the disagreeable after-taste of the word, romantic? The art of the former seems to me also the expression of a perfect healthfulness of being,—a harmony *within the limits of the Finite*; to seek to find this rounded completeness of the Mozart works also in those of Beethoven seems to me a misconception of their nature, for this is precisely and peculiarly the Infinite laid open; here we have not the *circle* (Mozart) coming round into itself, but the *hyperbola* striving after its asymptotes, incessantly approaching, never reaching them; hence the short but satisfying closes of Mozart, and the long and yet unsatisfying ones of Beethoven, which do not so much exhaust the subject as they do our capacity of hearing more;

sometimes it is a mere ceasing,—thus the Minuet in the A major Symphony, (as well as that in the last (the ninth),—and by this merely outward close it makes the want of a conclusion inwardly first truly felt. When the two composers meet, Mozart in his most outreaching, Beethoven in his most rounded works (mostly of his early period), it is only momentary, as the circle and the hyperbola or parabola become an ellipse, each in swerving from its own peculiar direction.

Without wishing to put any mystical sense into this comparison, but only a symbolical one, one might carry it still farther and say: Mozart's music has only one centre, Beethoven's two;—or Mozart is unity, Beethoven is duality, divergence, and thus touch on what Goethe's Faust says to Wagner: "Thou art conscious to thyself of but one impulse, O never learn to know the other!" But the expression consciousness is not to be taken here directly; for this unity, this child's life in nature, is precisely unconsciousness, the non-existence of knowledge: to be not discrete, or not *discreet*! but certainly in no disparaging sense, for does it not belong to our great, dear, glorious Mozart! Every one of Mozart's works (of course I speak here only of his instrumental music) is the expression of *one* feeling (exceptions are but exceptions here as they are in Beethoven). I can conceive of the last movement of the G-minor Symphony as being the first,—the transposition would be only outward, not inward, as if I were to put the effect for the cause. This would not do at all with Beethoven where he is wholly Beethoven, for example in the C-minor Symphony; here the soul of the matter is a state of transition, of *becoming*, as it is there a state of actual being.

I like Mozart much better when he is cheerful than when he is sad. His sadness often has to me no really deep ground, and easily grows whining;—I feel: He *can* be cheerful, why then is he not? I do not suffer with him. Beethoven's *Minor* weighs on me fearfully, but I am with him, I forsake him not,—I do not turn away as from unworthy sorrow; struggling, with him, against the *vast inevitable* lifts me up.

But, to return to the Ninth Symphony,—the actual thought here carried out is just this separation of the individual from Nature, this growing into consciousness,—and not, as a critic has said, the triumph of song over instrumental music; song stands here only as the expression of conscious feeling. But one can only wonder with what genius this is executed. I often think how much delighted Mozart would be now if he could hear these things; how he would have loved Beethoven, even as Haydn loved Mozart, who went farther than himself. I cannot comprehend such an exclusive veneration for only *one* composer, as Spohr, for in-

stance, only shows to Mozart; for, as Mozart revered Sebastian Bach and Handel and others, and studied them and took them up into himself; as Beethoven did the same and revered in Mozart these and their predecessors; so I cannot conceive of a right understanding of Mozart without a profound esteem for the others, in the same way that these found enjoyment and stimulus in others,—nay for whatever of beautiful and good was ever willed and done.

With Beethoven we often find faulty rhythms, violation of rules (good in themselves) for harmonic progression, and so much else which, if it occurred elsewhere, would be plainly wrong, while it is not so here. For there are no rules which may not be subordinated to a higher rule; or rather, the rule is the subordination of the secondary to the main thing. Let any one undertake to correct the fault, in just these places where Beethoven seems to go against the rule in rhythm or in harmony,—and how little it requires, according to the rules of harmony or rhythm, to add a tone, a measure here, or to leave out one there!—these very rules would only be asserting themselves and stepping forward as the main thing where they ought to be subordinate and secondary, where the higher rule makes the violation of that now subordinate quite necessary. . . .

When other things in Spohr's compositions have to be found fault with, how often their *pervading nobility* is praised! I am of the opinion that there would be less to blame in them, if there were not so much of what is praised. I hold it to be a real defect in Spohr, that the *common* is utterly wanting in his music;—the *common* not in a contemptuous sense, but only as a necessary counterpart to the *noble*, to lift it up to nobleness. In the same way the beautiful fullness of his harmony is praised; but it is simply *always* full with Spohr, and just as the noble needs the contrast of the common, so this mere full harmony requires the contrast of the empty,—contrasts found in all the great composers: Handel, Bach (!), Mozart, Beethoven. Or to take another art: the noble Raphael gives St. Barbara a common expression in comparison with the Madonna; no great poet is without the common in this sense,—Shakespeare, Calderon, Goethe. How much there is in Mozart which, abstractly taken, Wenzel Müller might have made! The *merely noble* (Spohr) is just as one-sided, or as far from whole, as the *merely common*—Wenzel Müller.

1828. . . . I am entirely at variance with our present music. I except only what Beethoven has made, who did not speak unless he had something to say (and truly he had much to say). Others speak so often, merely because they have once learned to speak, and because they think that after op. 85, op. 86, 87 must of course follow. Ah! how irksome to me are

these new things which proceed so merely from a beginning (*initium*, not *principium*), when *a priori* there is nothing further necessary, the way is already staked out: you go to the Dominant of the Dominant, stay there 8 measures, ^{5 6 7}_{3 4 4} bring in a melody in the Dominant, then a passage, closing the first part, which then, without first asking us if we desire it, we have to hear again from the beginning. I loathe the thought already of a short description of the second part made after a pattern in the same way. By this I do not mean to say this order can be blamed, as if it were something wilfully adopted and persisted in out of sheer indolence; on the contrary I am convinced that this main division, *c-g-c*, is founded deep in nature,—not accidental, but essential. Even if no express, intelligible reason could be given for it (and there is one), one might feel pretty certain that what from the earliest times, under all circumstances, has remained the same, is nothing merely outward, arbitrarily assumed (I refer here to a very profound treatise, which indeed I have not yet written, and probably never shall write): much rather do I think, that just this natural division is the only one which gives to a thing so externally put together the aspect of a creation and so renders it enduring; but the good God does not, like the artificial flower makers, take leaves that have been provided out of one box, twigs out of another, from a third a root, but he lets all proceed out of one germ, since it is all in there—and one comes out of the other, unfolds itself in leaf and blossom, and becomes again the germ for new and infinite formations; and I believe, without bothering his head about new effects, he lets his trees grow, and every single tree becomes exactly as it should be, and at the same time tolerably effective, in the free style—in the strict style the crystals are not bad,—more philosophical, as those were more poetic.—Fugues are something of the sort, and Canons—to be sure not all, but those by Bach at any rate. . . .

A Symphony by Sir Julius Benedict.

The London *Telegraph* of Nov. 24, in its notice of a Crystal Palace Concert, writes as follows:

No one is better qualified than Sir Julius Benedict to lift up the standard of orthodox art among us. He is one of the few musicians now living who connect our time with that of the great masters; and in England, at all events, he is their representative. Looking round upon the too general defection from the pure principles in which he was trained, Sir Julius might almost echo the words of Elijah, "I, even I, only am left." There are, however, we are glad to believe, more than "twenty-and-five thousand" who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of modern musical idolatry, and by whom such works as that produced on Saturday are welcomed, not for their own merits alone, but as a protest and an example.

Written only as the occasions of a busy life served, the symphony in G minor grew slowly. Two movements—the first *allegro* and scherzo—were played at the Norwich Festival last year; and the scherzo, under the title of "A Dream of Fairyland," was heard at Mr. Kuhe's Brighton Festival, in February of the present year. Meanwhile the slow movement and finale were added, the whole being produced on Saturday for the first time. There was a fitness in its initial performance at the Crystal

Palace, under the direction of Mr. Manns, whose pains-taking zeal and great ability have done so much to widen the knowledge of English amateurs. A good execution of the work was thus absolutely secured, and, what is nearly of equal importance, there was a certainty of appeal to an audience qualified above all others to pass righteous judgment upon its merits. Let us add that there was an equal certainty of all possible help from a discriminating analysis of the music and an eloquent advocacy of the composer's claims. We cannot resist quoting an example of this advocacy. "The first performance of a symphony" writes [G] "is always interesting, especially when it happens to be its author's first. But when, in addition, the 'first symphony' is the composition of a man of known ability and great culture, thoroughly familiar throughout a long life with the orchestra, and practised in every device of construction and instrumentation, and proving to be animated by an energy and fire, a sensibility and restless emotion, such as very few young men possess even at the outset of their career, then the interest excited by the work is raised to an extraordinary degree. And all this is the case in the present instance. . . . We feel proud of having enlarged the circle of English music by so noble and individual a work."

These are hearty phrases, and, as such, they represent the spirit in which the Crystal Palace musical authorities took up the new symphony and laid it before the public. General remarks upon the work must first concern themselves with its astounding youthfulness. We do not mean youthfulness in the sense of crudeness—*cela va sans dire*—but in the sense, noted by [G], of energy, and keen emotion. There comes a time in every man's life who lives the "three score years and ten," when not only intellectual power but susceptibility of feeling share decay with the bodily faculties. Sir Julius Benedict has not reached that time, nor, judging by his latest work, is he nearer to it than the youngest. The symphony is instinct with life in its most vivacious and elastic form, reminding us, in this respect, of the undying works written by Haydn for Salomon. Nor is abounding vitality found only as a matter of style and character. It crops up in strong imaginativeness; and a ready flow of ideas such as betoken keen intellectual activity. For the rest we need only say—if, indeed, there be a necessity to say so much—that, in point of form, clearness of treatment, and masterly use of legitimate resources, the symphony deserves to be called, as [G] called it, "one of the most important and able orchestral works that have appeared for many a long year."

Adopting a form which most composers now treat as antiquated, Sir Julius Benedict begins his work with an introduction *moderato*, distinguished by a rare combination of dignity and sweetness. It is an exordium that at once arrests attention, and conveys an idea that the composer has something to say. Having thus challenged interest, the *moderato* leads to an *allegro appassionato*, the first theme of which, by its peculiarly rhythmical form, has a singularly restless yet, at the same time, emotional effect. The prevailing character of the movement, thus at once proclaimed, is kept up through the "bridge" connecting the leading theme with its subordinate, which comes as a grateful contrast, and displays the hand of a master. Whenever this subject is afterwards heard it seems like a ray of sunshine darting through a rift in a tempestuous sky. The repeat of the first part of the movement is led up to by one of the most delightful passages in modern music, and the working out of the second part presents a rare example, not only of technical skill, but of sustaining power. An impressive *coda* brings the *allegro appassionato* to an end worthy of its beginning and continuation. The slow movement, *andante con moto*, in B flat major, opens with a beautiful and sustained melody, one of those tunes which haunt the ear long after the sounds conveying it have

"melted into thin air." Joined to the charm of this subject is the equal charm of orchestral treatment that strongly suggests the exquisite grace and tenderness of Schubert. But the whole movement illustrates what has been called "the full tide of song." It flows on like some clear river, now with majestic steadiness, now with agitation, always with the beauty which fills the mind and satisfies it.

But, perhaps, nothing is more striking than the close, when the ear is kept in suspense, waiting for another "excursion," only to find what seems the composer's indecision resolve itself and the movement calmly end. The scherzo having been noticed by us in connection with Mr. Kuhe's festival, there is only need to add that a third hearing has confirmed our early impressions of its bright fancy and unflinching charm. Such a movement may well be called "A Dream of Fairyland." It is one upon which Carl Maria Von Weber, the musician of the supernatural, would have smiled approval, and which Mendelssohn, Oberon's Court composer, would have been glad to own. The finale, *allegro con brio*, resumes the passionate energy of the opening movement, and is marked by many features upon which it would be profitable to dwell. Chief among them is a varied form of the idea, first applied, in a limited degree, by Haydn, if we mistake not; but at any rate developed by Beethoven in his Choral Symphony. We refer to a repetition in the finale of the chief themes in the preceding movements. Sir Julius has done this under novel conditions, and with novel as well as interesting effects, one result being to throw out in strong relief the wonderful energy and fire of the finale proper. If comparison of movement with movement were insisted on, we should say that the *allegro con brio* is below the level of its companions; but, nevertheless, it concludes the work in a manner which leaves no doubt of completeness and worthiness. Looking at the Symphony as an entire thing, we congratulate the veteran composer upon a splendid success, and trust that his first work of the kind will not be his last. The performance was admirable in every respect, and did honor to Mr. Manns and his capital orchestra. Thus favorably presented, it was a matter of course that each movement evoked loud applause, and that, at the close, Sir Julius was called for, and cheered enthusiastically.

With regard to the rest of the concert, we have only space to say that the band played Beethoven's Overture in C (Op. 115), Schumann's overture to "Genoveva," and the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's octet, as scored for orchestra by the composer.

Sayings of Robert Schumann.

[Translated for Benham's Musical Review by A. R. PARSONS.]

AFTER HEARING BEETHOVEN'S NINTH SYMPHONY.

"I am like one that is blind, who, standing before the cathedral of Strasburg hears its bells but cannot find the entrance."

"Who would ridicule the blind man standing before the cathedral and knowing not what to say? Only let him reverently remove his hat when the bells peal overhead."

"Love him indeed, love him heartily—but forget not that he attained to poetic freedom by the path of years of study, and reverence his never resting moral power. Seek not for that which may be abnormal in him, but go back to the foundation of his productivity. Do not demonstrate his genius with the last symphony alone, bold and prodigious as are its contents, hitherto unparalleled—you can demonstrate it as well with the first one, or with the slender Grecian one in B flat. Do not set yourself above rules which you have not thoroughly worked out. Nothing is more hazardous than that, and it enables even the most talentless to put you to shame in a moment by withdrawing the mask."

And as they had ended, the master said with deep emotion:—"And now let us waste no more words over it! Let us simply love that lofty spirit which now looks down with unspeakable love upon life, that gave him so little to enjoy. I feel that to-day

we have been nearer to him than usual. A peculiar flush spreads over the heavens—whether that of sunset or sunrise, I know not. Work for the light!

YOUTHFUL PROMIGALITY.

"What I know, I toss away—I make a present of what I possess."

Of what use is it to wrap a frolicking youth in his grandfather's dressing gown and put a long pipe in his mouth, to make him more law-abiding and orderly? Better grant him his flying locks and merry garb!

MUSICAL CULTURE.

In the course of time, the sources are brought nearer together. Beethoven, for instance, did not have to study all that Mozart—nor Mozart all that Handel—nor Handel all that Palestrina had written, because each had in turn absorbed the work of his predecessors. From one composer alone is there always something fresh for every one to learn, and that one is JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

MISCELLANEOUS.

There are talentless ones who have learned a great deal, being kept at music by the force of circumstances—musical mechanics.

I dislike those whose lives are not in harmony with their works.

Warn the young composer that premature fruit falls. Theory must often be gone through with before it can be applied practically.

It is not enough for one to know a thing, as long as what has been learned does not acquire firmness and security, so that it applies itself in life.

The artist, like a Grecian divinity, should hold friendly intercourse with men and with life. Only, when they presume to lay hold on him, he should vanish, leaving nothing behind him but a cloud.

With music it is as with chess. The queen (melody) has the highest power, but the checkmate is always given by the king (harmony).

The artist should hold himself in equipoise with life; otherwise his position is hard.

It is the curse of talent, that although it labors more securely and protractedly than genius, it attains no aim; while genius immediately rises to the summit of the ideal and hovering over it smilingly recognizes its elevation.

It is the misfortune of the imitator that he is able to appropriate to himself only what is striking in the original, while from imitating what is properly beautiful he is restrained as if by natural timidity.

It is not good for a man when he has acquired too much facility in a thing.

The summit attained by us!—what an error! Art is the fugue in which the different races of men dissolve in song.

The word "playing" is beautifully significant, since the playing of an instrument must be playing with it. He who does not play with his instrument, can not properly be said to play it.

Chopin contemplates quite different things, but in contemplating them his view is always the same.

Pardon the errors of youth. A will o' the wisp may guide the wanderer into the right path—i.e., the path which is not followed by the will o' the wisp.

One regards the early works of those who become masters quite differently from similar works, perhaps equally good, by those who only promised well, without becoming great artists.

May talent take the liberties which are taken by genius? Yes; but the one will fail where the other triumphs.

Mannerisms displease even in the original, not to mention them in connection with imitators.

Let us but reflect upon the conditions which must be united if the beautiful is to appear in all its dignity and magnificence. We demand for it; 1st, grandeur and depth of intention, and ideality in the work of art performed; 2d, enthusiasm in the representation; 3d, virtuosity in execution, and a harmoniously combined action, as of one soul, between the different performers, or between performer and composer; 4th, an inner requirement and need upon the parts of both giver and receiver, and at the moment of performance, the most propitious mood on

both sides (auditors and artists); 5th, the happiest conjunction of relations of time, locality and other subordinate considerations; 6th, the real guidance and imparting of impressions, feelings, and views, and the reflection in one another's eyes of joy felt in art. Now is not such a complicated conjunction of needful accessories a single throw, with six dice, of six times six?

The eye, when suitably supported, perceives stars where the naked eye sees only nebulous shadows. [The like holds good of the ear in music, according as it is educated or unsupported by suitable training].

Talent labors, genius creates.

The oldest man was the youngest; the last-comer is the oldest. How is it that we permit preceding centuries to prescribe rules for our art?

How angry it makes me to hear any one say that a symphony of Kalliwoda's is no Beethoven symphony! To be sure, the epicure smiles when a child finds the taste of an apple agreeable.

Whoever feels much anxiety to preserve his originality is certainly about to lose it.

But few really genial works have become popular. Mozart's *Don Giovanni* is an exception.

Don't attempt to hold time back. Give the works of our elders to our youth for study, but do not require them to carry simplicity and lack of ornamentation to the point of affectation. Enlighten them so that they may prudently employ the newly-extended resources of art.

Artists should lead orderly lives. In advanced years they will feel the loss of wasted strength, just in proportion as they are more highly endowed than others.

Beethoven is said to have wept as the overture to *Leonore* failed entirely, upon the occasion of its first performance in Vienna. In a similar case, Rossini would—at the most—have laughed. Beethoven suffered himself to be induced to write the new one in E major, which might have been done equally well (?) by another composer. He erred, but his tears were noble. The first conception is the most natural and best. Understanding errs, but feeling does not.

A Musical Jubilee.

LISZT—HIS EARLY LIFE—THE LISZT JUBILEE IN PESTH—THE ENTHUSIASM AND OFFERINGS OF THE PEOPLE.

[Correspondence of the London Times.]

Pesth, Nov. 12.

In the early part of the winter of 1822 the musical public of Vienna heard and admired a youthful prodigy of 11, who already at that early age had acquired a mastery over what were then considered the greatest technical difficulties of the piano. It was his first appearance before a large, and what was then as it is now considered, one of the most competent and critical audiences; but he had been known and appreciated by a smaller circle two years before, when his father, who was one of the land agents to Prince Esterhazy, on his property of Raidling in Hungary, brought him out in a concert in the neighboring country town of Sopron, where his success was such that his father was encouraged to follow it up by introducing him soon after to the public of Pressburg. This frontier town of Hungary on the side of Austria was then vying with Buda for the honor of ranking as the capital of Hungary. In it all the kings had been crowned for the last two centuries and a half, and in it the Diet met, whenever, indeed, it did meet in those times. But if politically Buda, where the central administration had its seat, could contest with Pressburg the titular honor of being the capital of Hungary, socially it had to recognize its superiority. Partly from its closeness to Vienna, which was then the real centre, and partly from the number of wealthy aristocratic families who had and still have their property in that part of the country, and who had chosen Pressburg as their winter residence, the latter had become a centre of social life and civilization. To introduce young Liszt there was tantamount to introducing him to all that was socially most prominent in Hungary, and the result of this introduction was that the boy found a number of patrons, who took it upon themselves to make a yearly allowance to his father, so as to enable him

to give up his situation and devote himself to the musical education of his son.

This training was continued for a year or two in Vienna; after which the young artist, scarce 13, bade farewell to his own country, and, choosing Paris as his residence, began that round of triumphs which have given his name a European repute. As an artist he had become a citizen of the world, paying only two flying visits in 1840 and 1846 to his own country. Still Hungary was proud of her son, and received him with open arms whenever he made his appearance, and it was no longer a few aristocratic patrons who partook of his triumphs, it was a people. Hungary had been aroused from the long national and political torpor in which she had been sunk, and was striving with united forces to take up a place among the nations of Europe. The struggles which such an effort entailed, followed as they were soon after by the civil war and a long death-like lethargy, made Hungary then a scarcely congenial sphere for artistic activity; but when in 1860, and even more in 1865, national life began again to revive, the cosmopolitan artist was carried away by the general impulse. He who had before taken his inspirations from Dante, Faust, Hamlet, Prometheus, surprised the musical world, from his solitude in the monastery of Monte Mario, in Rome, with an oratorio based on the legend of St. Elizabeth, the royal daughter of Hungary, which was first publicly performed in Pesth, and, in the then state of feeling, contributed not a little to strengthen and still further to arouse the national spirit. He had thus, as it were, revindicated his nationality, so that, when at last the crisis had passed and the satisfactory solution had been found, he properly came back to contribute to the celebration of the happy event, the occurrence of which he had, as it were, anticipated by intuition, and for which he had, in his retreat at Monte Mario, composed a Hungarian coronation mass, which was likewise performed at the coronation in 1867.

The coronation heralded in a new epoch in the history of Hungary—an epoch of new and independent activity in all the spheres of life, in arts and sciences not less than in politics, and who could have directed the musical regeneration of Hungary better than Liszt, the real founder of a new school of music, "the music of the future?" Strangely enough, with all that opposition which everything German met with even in Hungary, this German school of music has acquired a rather more complete and undisputed sway here than in its native soil, and when it was determined to establish a national musical academy, almost without a dissentient voice, Liszt was singled out as its director. Thus, after many wanderings, "the Master," as he is called by his adepts, has been one of us for some years, and even those who might be rather opposed to the turn which his genius has taken, cannot but acknowledge that his initiative, and the undoubted fascination which, in spite of his years, he still seems to exercise on those who come in contact with him, bring more spirit and animation into musical spheres than would otherwise exist. With so many admirers crowding round him, it was to be expected that the fiftieth anniversary of his artistic career would not be allowed to pass by without bringing a welcome to the Master, and for three days the Liszt Jubilee was the great event of the day, the Diet, which met at the same time, being quite thrown into the shade by it. Although the time is happily passed when demonstrations and public ceremonials of one or another kind were the only means of expressing wishes, and when in this respect Hungary and above all, her capital, Pesth, could vie with Lombardy and Milan under the Austrian rule, yet still there is a good deal left of the old leaven, which, perhaps just because there are fewer occasions for its activity, operates more effectively than before, whenever such an occasion does present itself, and thus the celebration of the Liszt jubilee, instead of being confined to the circles nearest interested, became a fete for the town, the municipal body taking the lead.

The festivities began with a serenade on Saturday evening, before the residence of Liszt in the Fish Market. Not only in the square, which is itself of a good size, but in the streets adjoining, a large crowd had collected at dusk, the windows of the houses had been illuminated, and were occupied by sightseers; two military bands were stationed in the centre of the square, which had been cleared of the booths and stands of the fishermen which you see usually there. They performed three of Liszt's compositions—the Stephen March, the Goethe March, and the Coronation March. At the end of every one of them the crowd broke out in cheers,

which were kept up vigorously until the Master appeared at the window, when they began again with redoubled energy. These cheers were the welcome on the part of the "people," and it was, perhaps, not the worst either, for probably no other crowd of the same size could have given expression to its feelings so unanimously and so energetically. On such occasions here you are almost induced to think that there must be something contagious, and almost intoxicating, in cheering, for, instead of becoming fainter and fainter, it acquires more and more force every time, so that the last cheer is almost always the strongest. Later in the evening the municipality gave a fete in the grand hotel of Pesth, the Hungaria, where, besides a number of notabilities and native guests, the foreign admirers who had been attracted by the festival were likewise present, the lady admirers being the most prominent among them. A gipsy band was there, of course. At the banquet which followed, toast came after toast, enthusiasm rising more and more at each. Next day the Literary and Artistic Association sent its greeting and congratulations through its committee, at its head the most popular dramatist of Hungary, who delivered an address. Later a deputation of the town came to present Liszt with the document by which the town grants three stipends, each of 200 florins, to pupils of the National Academy of Music, conferring on Liszt the right of presentation for his lifetime; and at 10 A.M. the ceremony of presenting him with a laurel wreath in gold, which had been got up by subscription, was performed in the Great Hall of the Redoute, used for all such occasions, as the most spacious locality in the town. In the evening Liszt's oratorio of "Christ" was performed before a large audience, most of whom were enthusiastic enough to enjoy the treat, which lasted four and a half hours.

The third day was taken up by a banquet given by Liszt's admirers, and by a festive representation of one of the popular pieces in the National theatre, at which all the foreign guests made their appearance, although, as the play was performed in Hungarian, they can scarcely have derived much enjoyment from it. During the three days we have been, as it were, in a musical trance. You, with whom Liszt has, somehow or other, never been able to achieve the success which has attended his artistic career all over the rest of all Europe, will scarcely be able to realize such enthusiasm, but you must remember we are an impulsive Eastern people, which, in spite of its long contact with the West, and the influence exercised upon it by the latter, has retained its own character and disposition, which is accustomed to give unreserved expression to its feeling, and which, once launched forth, is rarely kept back by these conventional rules which elsewhere are apt to restrain such ebullitions. This disposition to abandon ourselves to the impulse of the moment very often leads to extremes. Thus, in politics, we are thereby rather apt to see always either demi-gods or traitors, which has its inconveniences; but this same thoroughness of feeling, which, once the right cord is struck, vibrates through the whole of our being, has more than once produced a unity of action and a tenacity which in colder blood and by reasoning and weighing chances could never have been brought about; so that what might seem weakness in smaller has proved to be strength in greater things.

Gounod's New Achievement.

Writing from Paris, under date of Nov. 13, the correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* says: The greatest theatrical success of the day is unquestionably *Jeanne d'Arc*. Produced at the Gaité, it is far above the average of the pieces for which this theatre is celebrated. In fact it belongs to the highest class of dramatic art. It is a five-act tragedy in verse, and is enriched with music written expressly by the great composer of the age. But while claiming a lofty place in literature and music, *Jeanne d'Arc* presents all the adventitious attractions which have made the Gaité the most popular theatre in Paris. The scenery is admirably painted, the costumes are both handsome and picturesque; there are processions and apparitions to feast the eye, and there is a charming ballet to delight the numerous class of people who can appreciate no poetry but the poetry of motion. There is something of everything in the piece. I have heard *Jeanne d'Arc* called a *fièvre religieuse*, and there is some truth as well as much ill-nature in the humorous definition. A lady told me that when she came into the theatre in the midst of the finale to the second act, she thought the opera was transferred to

the Square "des Arts et Métiers," while a *petit crevé* confided to me his confession that what he disliked was the verse, because it reminded him of the Theatre Français—the poor *gommeux* having no idea of the bitterness of his own sarcasm against himself. I have not the slightest intention of inflicting upon your readers a list of all the plays which have been written upon the subject of Joan of Arc. Their number is legion, and the series began by a miracle play brought out at Orleans itself a very few years after the martyrdom of the unhappy heroine. Schiller's play is familiar to all students of German literature, and it is probable that many people may recollect Mlle. Patti's appearance in mail armor as the only noticeable feature of Verdi's *Giovanna d'Arco*, when this pretentious opera was produced at the Theatre Ventadour, some five or six years ago. There may also be some few Englishmen who remember that a tragedy by Alexandre Soumet would not be galvanized into life even by the stupendous genius of the great Rachel, whose youngest sister now sustains the character in the new play at the Gaité. Nor need I attempt to retell the story, the main features of which have been strictly adhered to in M. Barbier's story. A mere mention of the locality in which each act takes place will suffice to mark the progress of the tale. The first act passes in "Jeanne's cottage at Domrémy, and it is chiefly filled by the lovemaking of a young swain, who only makes one fleeting appearance in the latter part of the play. "Jeanne," of course, turns a deaf ear to his suit, and her budding purpose of joining the armies of her king is strengthened by the apparition of "St. Margaret" and "St. Catherine," who, clothed in long robes, approach her from above, and breathe the words of encouragement in her ear. The apparition is managed after the fashion of the apotheosis of "Gretchen" in the Covent Garden version of *Faust*, and the two saints sing a duet to the accompaniment of organ and invisible chorus. The musical part of this scene is written in a style which M. Gounod has made his own; and it would be still more effective if all the singing were carried on behind the scenes. To my thinking the extreme realism of the apparition somewhat detracted from its impressiveness; but this objection would be considered hypercritical by the great mass of spectators. In the second act we are at Chinon; and we see the sad spectacle of "Charles VII." forgetting in the arms of "Agnes Sorel" the mutilation of his country and the suffering of his subjects. "Jeanne" appears, and succeeds first in gaining the King's mistress on her side, and secondly in stirring up the lazy monarch himself. There is something that jars against the listener's ideal of his heroine, no less than against history, in this juxtaposition of the pure maid of Orleans, and the courtesan, but the scene gives good opportunities of declamation to both. The act opens with a pretty ballad and choral refrain, sung by a page, and closes with a magnificent martial chorus, "Dieu le veut," which excited general enthusiasm. Still more masterly and vastly more original is the dance music that opens the third act, which takes place on the Bridge of Orleans, the fortification looming in the background. The soldiers sing a chorus with a capital refrain, while their *ribaude* dance a highly characteristic ballet, festivities being occasionally interrupted by the descent of an arrow shot from the English camp and the discharge of a culverin at the aggressors. All this scene is admirably managed, a mock funeral procession celebrating the death of a mannikin, stuck up to be shot at, being especially clever. The act is taken up by a series of discussions between "Jeanne" and the various French chiefs, whom she eventually subdues to her inspired will. The scene is brought to a powerful conclusion by a choral prayer to the God of Battles. In the fourth act we are at Rheims, where the King is about to be crowned. "Jeanne," oppressed with the sense of her coming fate, meets her parents, and is anxious to return with them to her village home. But the King reminds her of her oath, not to rest till the enemy is repulsed from France, and he insists on her entering the cathedral on his left hand, on an equal footing with his Queen. The second tableau, representing the grand façade of the cathedral, is one of the finest I have ever witnessed, and the whole scene, filled with the knights and warriors, the pages and courtiers, who have marched in procession to the portal, where they are met by the priests and incense-bearers, while orchestra and chorus join in a triumphal coronation march, is extraordinarily impressive. The last act, also in two tableaux, passes at Rouen. It opens in a prison, where the English soldiers are indulging in a spirited drinking chorus with a capital refrain, *C'est*

l'argent de France qui payera, while "Jeanne," bound with chains, is asleep. The sainted ladies again appear to her in bodily form, chanting a hymn which M. Gounod has cleverly worded in combination with the song of the revelers. Then follows the historical effort to make the maiden recant her heresies, the condemnation to death by fire, and the final revolting attempt upon her virtue by "Warwick." Lastly, we have the actual funeral pyre on the market-place of Rouen—a marvellously well-devised scene. In the *marche funèbre* the celebrated melody of the saints is effectively alternated with the principal sombre, solemn phrase; "Jeanne" is bound to the stake, the fire is lighted, and as the flames burst forth from under her feet the heavens above her open, and disclose the noble army of martyrs waving their palm branches in welcome of their sister.

The reader will perceive that *Jeanne d'Arc* is in reality a modern version of a miracle play set off by every accessory that can charm the ear or delight the eye. It is of an infinitely higher order than the sword-and-buckler piece which it has succeeded, and, if it is disfigured by excess of digressive matter, it at least presents in a noble light the noblest figure in French history. Whether it will prove popular with the audience of the Gaité, remains to be seen. There were four "swells" in front of me in the stalls, who jeered at the patriotic sentiments expressed by "Jeanne" and laughed at all the allusions to "mutilated France." Of a truth the Parisians are a patient people, for in no other capital in the world would a popular audience have suffered its aspirations to be thus derided. Heaven forbid that such inane *gandins* should be taken as a fair sample of French opinion. The *souverain peuple* whom these well-dressed cads mocked showed better mettle, and applauded to the echo every noble sentiment put into the mouth of the heroine martyr. There is no sham in their enthusiasm, for they rush in crowds to see a play in which they can trace some resemblance to the recent disasters that have overwhelmed France. I trust that the vogue will continue; for M. Offenbach's boldness in risking the lavish outlay occasioned by the production of such a play deserves to be recognized. All the numerous characters are well sustained, but Mlle. Lia Félix throws her playmates into the shade. She is so fragile in appearance, and she acts so quietly in the opening scenes, that one's first feeling is wonder at her being intrusted with so heroic a part. But as the play proceeds, the intensity of her emotion lends a thrilling fervor to her thin voice, and every fibre in her frame trembles in the overmastering fulness of her enthusiasm. In the prison scene there were sudden bursts of passion which I have seen in no actress but in Mlle. Lia Félix's great sister Rachel, and Mlle. Desclée. In fine, her "Jeanne d'Arc" is a noble conception, carried out with rare artistic delicacy and yet rarer natural fire.

Music Abroad.

LEIPZIG.—The second "Euterpe" concert (Nov. 11) opened with the *Marcia funebre* from the Heroic Symphony, in allusion to the death of the king of Saxony. The other orchestral pieces were Rudorff's "bloodless and shadowy Overture to Tieck's *Blonde Ekbert* and Bruch's in parts almost too exuberant first Symphony (E flat). The solo artist of the concert was the pianist Fräulein Anna Mehlig, who played Beethoven's E-flat Concerto and Weber's E-major Polonaise as arranged with orchestra by Liszt; and being recalled with a storm of applause she added the *Nocturne* in F sharp by Chopin. Her performances on the technical side were wonderful; and on the spiritual side too they deserved much praise, if we except a few retardations in the Beethoven Concerto and the *Nocturne*, which seemed to us out of place. (Signal.)

The fifth Gewandhaus Concert (Nov. 13) was a demonstration of mourning for the death of the King. The programme consisted of: an 8-part *capella* Choral: "In the midst of life we are in death," by Mendelssohn; Cantata: "Schlage doch, gewünschte Stunde," by Seb. Bach, sung by Frau Lawrowska; Dead March from Handel's *Saul*;

TO MINONA.

(SERENADE.)

Spohr.

Andantino.

SS

1. Soft and low smile, love, not I breathe my love o'er plain and dark-ness my pas-sion, Will she love dis-dain-ing, While in Late I From thy

wake and bless my sight; Ah! if dreams her form might chill - ing mid - night's spite, Here I wait, of thee com - rush'd in head - long flight; Ah! he fol - low'd ev - er, our - - - tain'd win - dow's height Let one look of pi - ty

fash - ion, How un - wel - - come were the light; Fair - est, speak, and say good - plain - ing, To the stars so cold and bright; O! re - lent and say good ev - er, Vain is speed a - gainst his might; Here I yield, O! one good shi - ning, Warm my heart to new de - light; Let me hear one sweet good

night!
night!
night!

2. Dost thou
3. Far from
4. Leave me

I WOULD THAT MY LOVE.

Mendelssohn.

Allegretto Con Moto.

I would that my love could si - lent - ly flow in a single
 thee ... on their wings, my fair - est, that soul - felt word they would
 word, I'd give it the mer - ry breez - es, They'd waft it away in
 bear, Should'st hear it at eve - ry mo - ment, And hear ... it eve - ry
 sport, I'd give it the mer - ry breez - es, they'd waft it a - way in
 where, Should'st hear it at eve - ry mo - ment, and hear it eve - ry

I WOULD THAT MY LOVE, Continued.

11

sport, away in sport, they'd waft it away in sport.
and every where, and hear it eve-ry where.

where, a-way in sport, they'd waft it away in sport.
and eve-ry where, and hear it every where.

1st. To *pp* At night . . when thine eyelids in
2nd. To *pp* At night . . when thine eyelids in

Sf *Sf* *pp*

Sempre. *pp* *Cresc.*
slum - ber have clos'd those bright heav'nly beams, Still there my love it will
Sempre. *pp* *Cresc.*
slum - ber have clos'd those bright heav'nly beams, Still there my love it will

Sempre. *pp* *Cresc.*

I WOULD THAT MY LOVE, Concluded.

haunt thee e'en in thy deepest dreams, Still there my love it will.

haunt thee e'en in thy deepest dreams, Still there my love it will

haunt thee e'en in thy deepest dreams, e'en in thy deep - - est

haunt thee e'en in thy deepest dreams, thy deepest

E'en in thy deepest, deep - - est dreams.

dreams, E'en in thy deepest, deep - - est dreams.

Dim.

pp

pp

aria, funeral music, and "Consolation in tears" from Spohr's *Weibe der Töne*; the "German Requiem" by Brahms.

London.

DR. HANS VON BUELOW gave the first of a series of pianoforte recitals on Wednesday afternoon in St. James's Hall, before a large and appreciative audience. The programme, varied and excellent, was calculated to exhibit to the best advantage the talents and versatility of this eminent performer. It began with Hummel's "Grand Fantaisie." Op. 18, one of the most elaborate, though, on the whole, not one of the most interesting essays of a composer who, after studying for a time with Mozart, set up a school of his own, which found numerous disciples. Herr von Bülow is apparently as familiar with Hummel as with masters of a very different calibre; but, gifted as he is, he can hardly succeed in giving new life to a thing which belongs to those examples of the past not worth the pains of reviving. The "Italian Concerto" of J. S. Bach, which came after the fantasia, is by no means one of the capital works of the prolific Leipzig "Cantor." The most striking of its three movements is the last. This has the true Bach "ring;" but surely the composer never contemplated its being taken at such prodigious speed. The presto of Bach's day—even admitting that Bach affixed the indication, "presto," to his finale, for which, we believe, there is no trustworthy authority—must have been very different from the presto of our own.

The next performance was, for evident reasons, the most attractive of all. The sonata, entitled "The Maid of Orleans," written for and dedicated to Mme. Arabella Goddard, is the last work of importance from the pen of Sir Sterndale Bennett; and the fact that Herr von Bülow, in a brief space of time, should have mastered it so thoroughly as to be able to play it publicly without book is not only creditable to himself, but involves a graceful compliment to our distinguished musician. The sonata—a "programme sonata," as it may be denominated—is worthy to rank with the best of Sir Sterndale's contributions to the repertory of the instrument for which he has produced so much that is excellent. The first movement, an exquisite "pastoral," represents Joan of Arc as a peasant in her native fields; the second, a fiery and impassioned allegro, depicts her as an inspired warrior on the field of battle; the third an expressive adagio, shows her in prison, dejected, yet full of faith; the last typifies the end of all under a motto, paraphrased from Schiller—"Brief is the sorrow, endless is the joy." Each movement has a distinctive character, and the whole is essentially in its composer's happiest manner. It is, moreover instinct with genuine poetry, and, as might have been expected from such a master, written with admirable effect for the instrument. Herr von Bülow played the sonata *con amore*—just, indeed, as if it had been the product of his own genius, stamping it with his peculiar individuality, and finding sympathetic expression for the meaning and purport of each stage in its progress. The sonata was a complete success; and so, to judge by the applause repeatedly bestowed, and the unanimous 'recal' at the conclusion, was the performance.

How the most eminent of the followers of Liszt interpret the music of Liszt need not be told. The pieces selected from this prolific source were two of the *Études de concert*—"Dans les bois" and "Ronde des Lutins"—and the so-called "Spanish Rhapsody," the themes of which are "Les Folies d'Espagne" and "La Jota Aragonesa," the first belonging to the 17th, the last to the 19th century. All were splendidly given; but, to specify one in particular, the concert study entitled "Ronde des Lutins" was, under the supple fingers of Herr von Bülow, a wonderful specimen of manipulative skill. So evidently thought the audience, who insisted upon a repetition—rather hard, it must be allowed, upon the artist who had played so much, and had still so much before him.

The last piece in the programme was Beethoven's Sonata in E, Op. 109, a work which, in spite of its difficulty, has become familiar to our musical public through the agency of the Monday Popular Concerts. To this, as to others among the later compositions of Beethoven Herr von Bülow gives a coloring exclusively his own. Some may accord unqualified approval to his readings; whereas others might conscientiously object to the execution of certain passages; but neither those who admired nor those inclined to criticize could fail to appreciate the sustained earnestness of the performer, who had committed this remarkable work, like everything else in his programme, to memory.—*Times*.

BERLIN.—The Musical Department of the Royal Library, already so famous for its manuscript treasures, has lately been enriched by a highly important addition. At Mozart's death, Herr Anton André purchased of the

composer's widow all the manuscripts he left behind him, amounting to two hundred and eighty in number. Of these, 131, in Mozart's own hand, remained up to within a very short period in the possession of the Brothers André in Offenbach, who inherited them from their father. Among them were ten operas, including *Idomeneo* and *Così fan tutte*, an oratorio, five masses, fifteen symphonies and a large number of other works, amounting in all to 531 separate compositions. They have just been purchased, with the approbation of the Emperor Wilhelm, by the State, and transferred to the Royal Library.

Mendelssohn's sons and daughters have declared their readiness to present to the Royal Library all the musical manuscripts left by their father, on condition of the Government founding two exhibitions of the annual value of 700 thalers each for completing the education of talented and struggling musicians.

DRESDEN.—The death of the late King has for the moment brought musical matters to a standstill. Amongst other things it has temporarily put an end to the classical concert season, which opened well with a concert of Chamber Music given by Herren Lauterbach, Hüllweck, Göring, and Grützmacher. The programme comprised Mozart's Stringed Quartet, No. 4, in E flat major; Beethoven's Trio in G major, Op. 9, for Violin, Tenor, and Violoncello; and an Octet in C major, Op. 176, by Joachim Raff, for four Violins, two Tenors, and two Violoncellos. The new work is dedicated by its composer to Herr Lauterbach.—The latest novelty at the Theatre Royal, previously to the closing of that establishment in consequence of the King's death, was Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, the principal characters being well sustained by Mlle. Malten, Herren Schaffganz, Köhler, and Degele.

MUNICH.—Schumann's *Genoveva*, the libretto of which is taken from Hebbel and Tieck, has just been produced at the Theatre Royal. It was commenced in the year 1847, and completed in the August of the year following, being produced for the first time, in Leipzig, on the 25th June, 1850, under the direction of the composer. It has been performed also at Weimar and Carlsruhe, and, if report speak truth, will be produced, some time during the present winter, at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna. It has been got up here in admirable style, full justice being done both by singers and orchestra. Still, the success it achieved cannot be called brilliant. The work is deficient in the dramatic element. The applause was bestowed mostly upon the artists, among whom Mlle. Stehle, as the heroine, shone conspicuous. There is not much probability that *Genoveva* will remain long on the bills.

NIELS GADE IN HOLLAND. The following enthusiastic letter, dated Amsterdam, Dec. 1, appears in the *London Orchestra*:

Seldom has a musical composer of our times been so heartily and so enthusiastically received in any country as this man in ours. He came over to Holland on the special invitation of the Amsterdam branch of our Musical Society, and stayed here for about a fortnight at the house of Mr. Weetjen, a merchant who trades with the north of Europe, more especially with Denmark and the Baltic, and is himself a well-known amateur (a flute player). Gade left this town on Saturday last for Arnheim, whence he will proceed direct to Hamburg and Copenhagen. His stay here has been a series of triumphs, such as I never witnessed before, and if he reaches home dissatisfied with Dutch reception, he must be a man difficult to be contented. But there is no fear for that. I paid him a parting visit the day before yesterday, and his enthusiasm over the Dutch and their doings is perfectly exceptional. He certainly had no idea that his music was so immensely popular in this country, and although his friends and admirers had often spoken or written to him about such being really the case yet plain facts surpassed his most sanguine expectations.

Proceeds par ordre. First of all he witnessed the final rehearsals and then the concert itself of our grand society Cæcilia, certainly one of the best orchestral bands in Europe, under the excellent guidance of Verhulst. The rehearsals took place on the 17th and 18th, the concert on the 20th of November. The programme included Von Weber's overture "*Oberon*," Gade's first symphony, overture, "*Im Hochland*," Beethoven's seventh symphony, and Gade's overture "*Michel Angelo*." The composer each time conducted the execution of his own pieces, and declared that it was perfect. He paid a very high compliment to our Verhulst by telling him

that he (Verhulst) had interpreted his (Gade's) music as an *alter ego*, as good as he possibly could desire. This happened at the last rehearsal but one, and Verhulst, it is stated, was so suffocated with emotion that he could scarcely utter a few words of thanks. The cheering of the public at the concert itself accompanied both maestros as they made their appearance on the orchestra. The enthusiasm was most intense from the very beginning, but reached its climax at the end, when an imposing manifestation was got up on the occasion of the presentation of the honorable membership of Cæcilia to the illustrious guest. After the concert, the performers, many amateurs, and part of the public, repaired to a hall called *Frascati*, where there was plenty of speaking and singing. Verhulst proved as good an orator as a musician. He had a toast on small nations, and the necessity of their uniting, not perhaps politically, but on the glorious ground of arts and sciences and their promotion. Gade responded in an excellent toast (in German; Verhulst spoke in Dutch, of which language Gade professed to understand a great deal from its resemblance with Danish). He said that he liked Holland and the Hollanders, they and their country itself reminding him of dear home in a striking manner. He certainly was of the same opinion as his friend Verhulst: that small nations ought to assist each other, he himself had no right to complain in this respect. Being still an unknown composer, it was Verhulst who first introduced his music into Germany, and afterwards he did the same for the Low Countries. Thus Holland had assisted Denmark in a very effective way. The anecdote—interesting and true—of course had a brilliant success, as it deserved. Verhulst has decidedly largely contributed to the spreading of Gade's fame. This persevering propagation—only to be compared to Mann's unflinching Schumannism and Wagnerism—can be very easily explained by the circumstance that Gade and Verhulst are both pupils of Mendelssohn, whose theories and traditions they undoubtedly continue and perpetuate.

The concert of Cæcilia took place as stated on Thursday, the 20th, the evening before Gade, accompanied by Verhulst, had paid a visit to the Crystal Palace, where the band of Mr. Coenen executed several of Gade's compositions. As soon as he had penetrated into the densely crowded hall, the public recognized him and heartily cheered him. On Saturday night he conducted the concert of our Musical Society (Amsterdam branch), when "*Erkønlige tochter*" and "*Die Kreuzfahrer*" (poems of Anderson, after Tasso's "*Jerusalem Delivered*")—both his own works—were grandly and nobly performed, to his own satisfaction and to the supreme delight of the numerous audience that crammed the Park Hall (several hundred persons could gain no admittance). The solo parts were in the hands of Mme. Offermans van Hove (soprano, from the Hague); Mme. Ledelier (mezzo-soprano, from Antwerp); Herr H. Schrötter (from the opera in Brunswick); and Herr Hill (basso, from Schwerin). All these did their best, as also did the choruses, consisting entirely of amateurs.

On Sunday, 23rd of November, a dinner party was offered to the Danish composer in the Amstel Hotel. On Tuesday he went to Utrecht to conduct a concert there, with the same success as here. On Wednesday he attended a private music *réunion* in the Park Hall, when several of his compositions ("*Kammermusik*") were gone through, and lastly handled the bandmaster's baton at the first Felix Meritis concert of the season. Here his fourth symphony and "*Frühlings*" Fantasia were produced. To the beautiful quartetto contributed Mlle. Gips (soprano, from Dordrecht); Mme. Storm-Mauve (alto, from the Hague); Mr. Küster (from this city, tenor); and Herr Hill (basso), while Mr. Omsa sat at the piano. The performance was highly satisfactory. At the end a truly magnificent *bâton de directeur* was offered to the composer, as a token of esteem and admiration of the Society of Felix Meritis, on the occasion of his visit to the Low Countries. At the same time Gade was proclaimed an honorary member of the Society. The Danish National Hymn was played in the midst of an indescribable emotion, and then Niels Gade addressed a few kind words of thanks for all that had been done for and unto him during his memorable stay in Holland.—These November days must remain an eternal and delightful souvenir for all those goodly Amsterdam people that love music as a noble art; but it is certain that Gade himself—no doubt one of the greatest living composers—will always remember them with delicious pride, and this with legitimate reason.

Symphony Concert.—Mme. Schiller.

(From the Daily Advertiser, Dec. 20).

The interest which naturally attaches to a regular symphony concert, and especially to one with such a programme as yesterday's, was greatly heightened by the first public appearance of Mme. Madeline Schiller in this city. This lady comes to us with the prestige of a well-won reputation in the Old World, and yet with none of the blare and boasting which generally herald the entrance of a European artist upon our professional stage. The success of her performance at the fourth symphony concert was unequivocal. Conciliating the favor of the audience at once by a personal presence in which dignity, ease and grace were blended in an unusual manner, the first few movements of her interpretation of the Beethoven concerto in E flat arrested and fixed the most earnest attention of her listeners. Those persons who had been so fortunate as to hear Mme. Schiller in private, or at the Thomas concert given in Cambridge a fortnight ago, were fully prepared for certain excellences in her playing which were conspicuous yesterday. Her mastery of the technique of the instrument is admirable; her touch firm, vigorous and elastic; her delivery clear, distinct and finished. It was also known that her general style and method, though not lacking in intelligence and power, was characterized by a remarkable degree of delicacy and refinement. But such moderate praise as this—albeit few artists ever deserve an equal measure—will not suffice to do justice to Mme. Schiller's later performance. In the Liszt transcription from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, her execution was brilliant in the extreme, and proved her complete control of the mechanism of the piano, and her possession of such an extraordinary dexterity and facility as would be a sufficient proof of her superiority with hundreds of her hearers. But her interpretation of the Beethoven concerto was an unexpected, we might almost say a glorious, revelation of high artistic power. The vigor and grasp of Mme. Schiller's performance of this number were matched by the sympathy and expressiveness of her method, and all were nobly impressive. The force and insight displayed could not be fairly described as masculine, for they were coupled with a peculiar and most feminine tenderness, but they certainly were, both in degree and kind, very unlike and far above the power which is exhibited by most of our female performers. The Liszt transcription was encored, and in response Mme. Schiller gave Heller's transcription of Mendelssohn's "Auf Flügel des Gewanges" ("On song's bright pinions") with exquisite taste and neatness; but it was impossible for her to add to the evidence of high expressive power afforded by an interpretation of Beethoven, in which every shade of the great composer's thought in a master-work had been most closely felt and vividly reproduced. The audience of the occasion was exceedingly cool and critical, but they were roused by Mme. Schiller's work to a display of deep and unusual enthusiasm. It is a subject for sincere delight to all lovers of the divine art that such an artist is to be added to Boston's corps of musicians.

exalted as we listen for the fiftieth time, perhaps, to the Hallelujah" and "I know that my Redeemer," and all the profoundly touching or uplifting strains. For more than fifty, more than sixty years has the *Messiah* been given once, sometimes more than once, in every year, and the desire to hear it at this season only becomes stronger and more general. In Paris, city of culture and the world, we read only now of the first public performance being announced!

Last Sunday evening there was not one place unoccupied in the great Music Hall. The chorus seats were very full too,—we should think 500 voices. The preparation had been very careful. But the sudden change of weather brought colds to some of the solo singers. Mrs. H. M. SMITH, from whose assumption of the principal soprano part much had been expected, was not able to appear at all; and Mrs. WEST, always at home in this noble music, with her usual kindness, sang it all in good voice and with true expression; in the great song of faith she was particularly admirable. Mr. VARLEY, also, labored under a severe cold; but he devoted himself with a heroic loyalty, and though the struggle in "Comfort ye," &c., was painfully apparent, his true art saved him, and his voice came out better and better in the later pieces; "Thy rebuke," &c., was given with pathos and refinement; and astonishing success crowned his brave effort in the trying air: "Thou shalt break them." Mr. WHITNEY, too, was not entirely free from hoarseness; but his delivery of the great bassarias was very grand, and his execution of the long roulade passages remarkably round and even. His noblest success was in "But who may abide," "Why do the nations," and "The trumpet shall sound." (Here, too, mention should be made of the excellent trumpet *obligato* by young Mr. SCHUEBRECK.) The contralto solos were entrusted for the first time to Mrs. H. E. SAWYER, whose modest and refined presence bespoke favor, which her fresh sweet, delicate, by no means heavy voice, and her artistic style and unaffected, pure expression steadily confirmed.

The choruses were perhaps never better sung here, on the whole. Some of the more difficult and "catchy" ones, like "His yoke is easy," went uncommonly smoothly. And we have hardly ever before heard "Surely," "And with his stripes," or the great "Amen" chorus, done so satisfactorily. The balance and the aggregate of voices seems to be much improved. Never, in our recollection, has the Society had so sweet and powerful a body of tenors.

Harvard Musical Association.

The fourth Symphony Concert took place on a stormy afternoon (Dec. 19); yet the audience was a trifle larger than usual, and uncommonly responsive. The programme was as follows:

Overture to "Fierabras".....Schubert.
Piano-Forte Concerto, in E flat (Op. 73).....Beethoven.
Allegro.—Adagio.—Rondo finale.
Mme. Madeline Schiller.

Overture to—"The Wood Nymph" (Die Waldnymph).
Bennett.

Piano Solo: Transcription from "Midsummer
Night's Dream".....Liszt.

Mme. Madeline Schiller.

Symphony No. 1, in B flat, Op. 38. (Repeated by
request).....Schumann.

Andante, Allegro vivace.—Larghetto.—Scherzo.—
Allegro animato.

If the preceding concert was unique, light, novel, varied in its general complexion, this was devoted in the main to the most grand, inspiring matter. The "Emperor" Concerto (as the English call it) and the Schumann Symphony were worthy of each other, and it is only one of the *great* Symphonies—by Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann—that will not come in tamely after that Concerto. Yet there was plenty of relief; the lovely fairy Overture of Bennett and the piano solos brought genial repose between the great exciting numbers.

It was unfortunate for the much craved repetition of the Symphony which made so marked an impression in the second concert, and which as a whole was even more admirably played this time, that, owing to the over-generous intermissions between the pieces, and to the inconsiderate though hearty urgency of the encore, it came too late for a fair hearing, too late for that unconsciousness of time (except time musical) without which neither orchestra nor audience can be wholly present, heart and soul. The moment the clock thrusts his hands in, it is all over with that "repose" which is a prime condition of all true art, even the most exciting. And so in spite of everything it would seem as if the brave conductor felt that fatal clock behind him, like black Care behind the horseman, and dared not risk the losing of a half a second in the hurrying movement. Yet the great majority sat through the whole and manifested real satisfaction. Some, who did not think of others more impatient than themselves, but only of the music, were but too happy in a glorious forgetfulness of time; and doubtless all who listened, even at some cost of patience, felt abundantly rewarded. It was another illustration of the danger of insisting on encores in such a programme. For after all, however fine the solo, however great the single artist,—even if we had Liszt, Joachim, Clara Schumann making their first appearance all three in one hour and place, still, inasmuch as these are Symphony concerts, to the Symphony belongs priority in interest; whatever else is done, that is the heart of the whole matter waiting for a hearing,—at all events when it is *such* a Symphony, and when its repetition has been eagerly requested. With the minute hand already pointing to within thirty minutes of the orthodox maximum period of two hours for such a concert, and not a note of the long, glorious Symphony yet heard, to call for or to grant an encore, and after so much admirable service on the part of the pianist, was inconsiderate. Such things defeat the plan and spoil the whole proportion of an artistic concert; it is as if a portrait painter were to use up his whole canvas for the accessories, and have no room left him for the head.

Schubert's impassioned, tragic overture to "Fierabras," the best we have by him, wears well; it has been suffered to remain almost an exclusive possession of these concerts from their first season,—at least we do not remember ever to have heard it in any others. It was effectively brought out this time, making a bold though somewhat sombre introduction. The glory of the Beethoven Concerto could bear even more than that dark background. And after such excitement, after we had been borne up and held so long in such a high and bracing atmosphere, the cool, fresh, quiet sylvan charm, and exquisite melodic grace and play of color, of Bennett's "Wood Nymph" Overture, the worthy companion piece to his "Naiads"—the two being of his early period, and by far the most genial things, the surest to endure, that he has ever yet produced—brought delicious rest and recreation. It is a long overture, but the listening sense grows avaricious while it holds out.

And now to the pleasant duty of recalling the impression of the first performance here of Mme. MADELINE SCHILLER (Mrs. BENNETT), the gifted pianist of whom we forewarned our readers during the past summer. Her modest dignity and grace of person and of manner won a hearty welcome ere she was seated at the instrument; and in the first bold sweep of the arpeggio springing from the *f* full chord of the *tutti*, we felt we had an artist; and when the startling prelude was over, while the orchestra went on laying down the themes and plan of the superb Allegro, we all awaited the return o

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 27, 1873.

Christmas Oratorio.

Of course the "Messiah." Perhaps some Christmas season we may also hear the *Weihnachts Oratorium* of Sebastian Bach. Meanwhile it has become a part of our religion here in this community to listen once at least every year, on the return of the joyful festival, to the great texts as illustrated in the sublime harmonies of Handel; and the power and beauty of that music must continually be felt anew. One may not always be in the best mood for it; the recollection of a dull and bad performance may prepossess the mind against another repetition of the same old story with the long imprisonment in a hot crowd. But sometimes, may pretty certainly of late years, thanks to the zeal and energy of our old Handel and Haydn Society, we get a good performance, and then it is no fault of the music, nor of time and old familiarity, if our hearts do not glow and our imagination and our faith are not quickened and

the piano with full assurance of sufficient power; and she went on to prove herself in a high sense equal to the significant and very arduous task. Her touch is remarkably crisp, elastic, clear, so that every note and every phrase gets its precise shape and value, and the ear loses nothing. Her technique is most perfect; the sound is always sweet and musical; the passages run limpidly and purely; all is tasteful and expressive, while the nobility and breadth and steady, self-possessed *crescendo* (morally speaking) of the composition are kept up without faltering. There was a certain deliberate, square, thoroughly safe way in laying it all out, which seemed characteristic of her rendering, though not at the expense of flexibility, or of expressive light and shade; and yet while this was characteristic of the general style (and surely it is in the character of such a work), there was too much of the *tempo rubato*, or alternate crowding and holding back of the movement, to satisfy some parists. The Adagio was beautifully rendered, with a chasteness bordering on coldness; and the finale was taken at a somewhat more moderate tempo than we have been accustomed to; while we felt the same exaggeration here and there of the slight *ritardando* indicated which we remarked in the interpretation of Miss Mehlig, and which we see remarked also by the Leipzig critics of that lady's late performance of this Concerto in a Gewandhaus concert; only in Miss Mehlig it had more a sentimental air; from that fault Mme. Schiller is quite free; her style is refreshingly sound and healthful. It was certainly one of the most powerful and tasteful, finished, loyal renderings of the great Concerto we have had. We cannot say it had the quality of genius; more of the intensity of sympathetic vital reproduction, more of the flash and inspiration from within, more of the subtlety with which the imaginative soul goes out into the well-trained fingers, we have felt even in some who fell short of her admirable technique. These distinctions might be spared, perhaps, were it not that so noble a performance as that was has a right to our best criticism.

In Mme. Schiller's marvellously perfect execution Liszt's transcription, or rather free fantasia on the Wedding March and fairy introduction from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, was like a cluster of fine-cut sparkling gems; so crisp, precise and brilliant, that the whole audience were like children in their delight, and would insist on hearing more. This they got in generous measure, in a refined, graceful and poetic rendering of Stephen Heller's transcription of Mendelssohn's song: "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges." All was charming in itself; only the Liszt selection was unfortunate, as the event proved, in tending to unsettle the proportions of the programme.—By this performance the fair stranger has at once taken her place in the front rank of our piano-playing artists, and Boston may well rejoice that she has determined to make this her place of residence. In the concert room she will be always welcome, and, as she intends to teach, many will wish to learn of her.

The fifth Concert is again pushed forward into FRIDAY (Jan. 2), on account of the New Year's Day engagements of musicians. The programme is: Overture to "The Water-Carrier," *Cherubini*; Piano Concerto in B flat (first time here), *Mozart*, played by Mr. J. C. D. PARKER.—"Italian Symphony," *Mendelssohn*; 32 Variations on a theme in C minor, *Beethoven*, (Mr. PARKER); Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, *Beethoven*.

MR. PERABO'S MATINEES. (Crowded out last time.)

The second and last, on Friday, Dec. 5, was attended by more interested listeners than Wesleyan Hall had really room for. Mr. Perabo began with a

very effective rendering of his own skilful arrangement of the first movement (*Allegro maestoso*) of Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony. It was indeed remarkable how much of the life and spirit, almost the color, of it he contrived to reproduce with one pair of hands. His second selection was the [formerly] well-known *Phantasie*, op. 77, of Beethoven. It is not one of the master's very important piano works, though included in some editions with the Sonatas, but it was pleasing to hear again for once, so finely played; yet must we confess, we missed much of the charm it had for us in the young days, when everything of Beethoven which we could puzzle out through our own clumsy fingers [concerts did not offer much of it] seemed to us pure gold. The young artist then let loose some little winged pets of his own fancy, which fluttered gracefully about the listening heads; it was not necessary that they should soar "on mighty pens" to render them acceptable. There were five of them: a. "Moment Musical," op. 1; b. "Pensée Fugitive," op. 6; c. Waltz, op. 4; d. Prelude, op. 3; e. Scherzo, op. 2.

The last number of the programme, and evidently one which the concert-giver had much at heart, was a String Quartet (in E minor, op. 25), the composition of his esteemed Leipzig master, now Hauptmann's successor as Cantor in the Thomas Schule, E. F. Richter. It was played for the first time in Boston, by members of the Beethoven Quintette Club: Messrs. ALLEN, HEINDE, MULLALLY and WULF FRIED. It is a graceful, easy flowing, and artistically wrought composition, containing some very pleasing thoughts. The opening *Allegro vivace* put one in a mood to hear more; and the second movement, *Un poco Allegretto*, was right fascinating and somewhat original. The *Andante* is a series of ingenious and interesting variations on a serious theme. The Finale, *Presto*, leaves a feebleness impression than the rest. The whole work was carefully and nicely played, and seemed to give quite general satisfaction.

THE THOMAS CONCERTS (Concluded).—It remains only to speak of the vocal pieces. Our own grand Basso, Mr. M. W. WHITNEY, bore the chief burden of the singing, appearing in every concert. His manner is more finished and even, his delivery more impressive and his voice grander and deeper (if possible) than ever, and found full scope in such selections as Haydn's "Rolling in foaming billows," Mozart's Sarastro Aria; "In diesen heil'gen Hallen," (to the encore of which he aptly responded by giving what was the same and not the same, the companion aria from the same opera); Beethoven's solemn "In questa tomba oscura," to which Mr. Thomas had put an effective orchestral accompaniment; Schumann's "Two Grenadiers"; "O God, have mercy," from *St Paul*; and "Shall I in Mamre's fertile plain," from Handel's *Joshua*. He was also very happy in the Polyphemus air: "O ruddier than the cherry," in "I am a roamer," from Mendelssohn's *Son and Stranger*, and fairly successful in the concert aria by Mozart: "Mentre ti lascio."—Mrs. ANNA GRANGER DOW, one of the brilliant sopranos of this city, appeared in two of the concerts. Her voice seems to have gained in power and fullness under the instruction of Mme. Rudersdorff, and she sang for the most part with good style and carefully studied expression the Concert Aria, "Infelice," by Mendelssohn, a noble work, never before heard in Boston, with fine orchestral accompaniment. The natural hardness of her tones, however, began to make itself felt before the end of the long and exacting task, and in a more aggravated way in her clear, trumpet-like delivery of Costa's "I will extol Thee." The great aria from *Fidelio*, which she sang in German, was rather an ambitious

undertaking for any but an artist who unites all fine qualities, and we could not help feeling that it was unwisely substituted for the aria by Meyerbeer set down in the programme. That it was given with so much energy and intensity (of manner rather than of feeling), and with so much brilliancy of voice and execution, may account for the liberal applause the effort won; but that music demands another kind of singer. The impression made by Mrs. Dow upon the whole, however, was quite favorable, and it is plain she is in earnest and in the way of progress.

These were announced as the last concerts ever to be given by the Thomas Orchestra in Boston,—to the "dire" dismay of one of the young critics. But thereby hangs a tail, (so it is often with farewells) which Mr. Peck has put to it.

Music in New York.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—The second Philharmonic concert was given on Saturday evening, Dec. 13. The programme contained two Symphonies: Mendelssohn's in A, commonly called the Italian Symphony, and Rubinstein's First Symphony in F. The former work is too well known to need description; the latter is written in the romantic style which characterizes all of Rubinstein's orchestral compositions. It contains some very fine passages, and is scored throughout by a masterly hand, and yet there is little in it that stays with the hearer when the music is finished.

The other orchestral selection was Beethoven's second *Leonora* overture. The playing, particularly in portions of the Italian Symphony, was careless and unsatisfactory. Mrs. Gulager sang a scena from *Der Freischütz*, and an aria from "Beatrice." It would be like breaking a butterfly to criticize her singing; so I will merely state that it was not such as one would expect to hear at a Philharmonic concert.

The Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn have secured the Thomas orchestra for their five concerts and fifteen rehearsals and, of course, will have a successful and brilliant season. At the first concert, on Saturday evening, Dec. 20th, every place was taken, and the audience comprised many persons from New York, who had taken the long trip down town and across the ferry with the expectation of being well repaid for their trouble. The result fully justified the highest anticipations.

The concert opened with Raff's lovely Symphony "Im Walde" (No 3, op. 153), the best work, by this composer, which I have heard. It is descriptive music of a high order dealing with ideas only, and entirely devoid of sensational straining after effect.

The first part depicts the impressions and sensations awakened by the solitude of the forest in the day-time. The second part, twilight, contains a Reverie followed by the Dance of the Wood Nymphs, in which there is some fine work for the violins. In part third we hear what the programme calls "the quiet murmur of night in the Forest." Then the solitude is broken by the arrival and departure of the wild Huntsman with Dame Holle and Wotan. The symphony ends with a masterly description of the break of day. The sounds of the night die away. Nature is hushed in anticipation of the coming miracle. Then out of the stillness is born a faint shuddering breeze (violins) which announces the approach of dawn. Then comes the break of day, portrayed by the full power of the orchestra and the Symphony ends, as it were, in a blaze of light.

The playing of the orchestra was as usual perfect and the most exacting critic could only listen and enjoy.—Happy thought. Probably many persons in the audience that evening received their first idea of dawn from the finale of this symphony, and some of them will go through life with no other notion of daybreak than that which they thus received.

In part second the orchestra played the grand old *Coriolanus* overture; Berlioz's charming scherzo, "La Reine Mab," which improves on a second hearing, and the very ingenious transcription of Liszt's second Hungarian Rhapsody, which was performed at the garden concerts last summer.

Mme. Ottava Torriani (from the Strakosch Opera troupe) sang in a very acceptable manner the jewel aria from *Faust*, and the song of Ophelia from the last act of *Hamlet*. The latter piece was encored. A. A. C.

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 14.—We have had quite a harvest of music, succeeding a slow drought of two weeks. On Saturday evening, the 6th inst., the old "Abt" Society gave their first concert of the season, and although their ranks were considerably thinned, owing to an unusual number of absentees, the concert was entirely satisfactory. The chief feature of the evening was a tenor solo, Kücken's "Heaven hath shed a tear" with a cello obligato. Both vocal and cello parts were performed by members of the society. Another agreeable number was a duet for tenor and baritone, by Kücken ("Lovely Star"), which was charmingly sung by two other members of the Association. Every one who heard the concert could but be pleased that the usual heart-rending quartets and quintets were absent from the programme.

On Monday evening, the 8th inst., Mr. Strakosch opened a brief season at the Academy. "Traviata" was announced as the inaugural opera with Mme. Nilsson-Rouzeaud in the rôle of "Violetta;" but late in the afternoon the news came that a severe cold would prevent Mme. Nilsson's coming on from New York; Mlle. Torriani assumed the part, and no one who heard the opera could say that Mme. Nilsson was missed. Mlle. Torriani acted the part with great power and sang most delightfully. Capoul and Del Puente, as the two Germonts, were also remarkably good. The chorus and band are far above the average. Tuesday evening was the occasion of the debut here of Sig. Campanini in "Lucrezia Borgia," and it was a very pleasing performance. Campanini has a sweet, pure and even voice of great compass and under his complete control, and his singing is intelligent and well conformed to the part he undertakes. His singing of "Di pescatore" will long be remembered. Mlle. Maresi as Lucrezia was very fair, and Nanetti made a capital Duke. On Wednesday, owing to the continued absence of Mme. Nilsson, the *Huguenots* was changed for *Ernani*, with Campanini in the title rôle. Here also was both his singing and acting most excellent. The glorious sextet finale in the third act was a fine field for him to display his wonderful power, and he did nobly well. M. Victor Maurel as Don Carlos was triumphantly successful; as to his voice I think that, except Badiali, we have had no baritone like him here. As an actor too he is very great. Mlle. Torriani, as Elvira, went through her part with great credit, but it struck me that the music was a little trying to her. On Thursday *Mignon* was replaced by *Faust* with Capoul in the title rôle, Mlle. Maresi as Margaret, Miss Cary as Siebel, and Nanetti as Mephisto.

Friday evening was the occasion of the first representation in Philadelphia of Verdi's "Aida." The plot is very strange, but thoroughly adapted to the purpose for which the opera was originally composed. Amneris (Miss Cary) is in love with Radames (Campanini), an officer of the Egyptian army, and he is in love with Aida, an Ethiopian slave of the King. In a conflict with the hostile Ethiopians Radames captures Amosnaro, the King of Ethiopia, and father of Aida. His love for Aida causes him to turn traitor to his country, but his plans with Amosnaro are overheard, and he is sentenced to die a lingering death in the vaults beneath the Temple of Vulcan. Mlle. Torriani assumed the rôle of Aida, Manuel that of Amosnaro, and Nanetti that of Ramfis the High Priest. The music of the opera is widely different from any of Verdi's earlier works, as different as Meyerbeer's *Robert* is from his *Il Crociato*. There is no overture to *Aida*, a simple introduction (*Andante mosso*) serving instead. The

first number is a dialogue between Radames and Ramfis, followed by a lovely aria for Radames. The trio for Amneris, Aida and Radames, is followed by a war song for Radames and chorus. Then comes a priest's march which smacks strongly of Wagnerism. During the vesting of Radames with his paraphernalia a ballet is performed. After an aria the march is repeated and the Act is over.

In Act second we have some delightful ballet music and a superb duet for Aida and Amneris. Scene second is the triumphal return into Thebes by Radames bringing with him Aida's father captive. The march is performed by the string band and three brass bands on the stage. The incidents and properties to this scene render it the most superb spectacle the American public has ever seen. In this scene there is a peculiar chorus, by the Ethiopian prisoners, which is absorbed into the triumphal chorus of the victorious Egyptians. Act third (a beautiful night scene on the banks of the Nile) opens with a Romanza for Aida, which is followed by a duet for her and Amosnaro, this in turn being followed by a magnificent duet for Aida and Radames. Act fourth opens on a scene in the hall of the Royal Palace, with a *duo parlante* between Amneris and Radames, in which she offers him his life if he will renounce Aida for her. He refuses and is condemned to die. A solemn priest chant closes this scene, and the last scene is a view of the Temple of Vulcan and the crypt beneath, where Radames has been placed to die; but not alone, for Aida has followed him. So here, in reality, we have two scenes at once in view, one being spread above the other. The music in the scene is exquisite; the dying lovers express their devotion in a lovely *Andante sostenuto* in D flat, and the opera is over. The scenery, costumes and properties are superb beyond description, everything in these departments being entirely new and made expressly for this opera. The music is often forgotten in the glitter of stage; but it will live long after *Trova-tore* and *Ernani* have passed into history. The artists in their several capacities were more than good, and the band and chorus exceedingly well governed. In short *Aida* in Philadelphia was a grand success. It was given on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon, and is advertised for Monday and Tuesday. *Mignon* is announced with Nilsson. We shall see.

WIESBADEN.—Herr August Wilhelmj commenced a concert tour, on the 2nd inst., at Magdeburg, whence he proposed proceeding in succession to Brunswick, Hanover, Oldenburg, Bremen, Hamburg, Kiel, Lübeck, Schwerin, Rostock, Cassel, Weimar, Erfurt, Stettin, Stralsund, Dantzig, Königsberg, Riga, Mitau, Reval, Dorpat, Elbing, Thorn, Posen, Breslau, Görlitz, Dresden, Chemnitz, and Frankfort-on-the-Maine, where he will end his tour on the 19th December. At the commencement of next year, he will give a few Soirées for Chamber-Music in Berlin, after which, on the 18th January, he will open his series of concerts at Vienna, following them up by a few Quartet Evenings. Hereupon he will visit the leading towns in the Austrian provinces, and after giving a few concerts in the Crimea, start for the Rhenish provinces, whence he will stretch away to Holland, finishing at Amsterdam about the middle of April, 1874. Considering that Herr Wilhelmj plays three or four pieces at every concert, the amount of work he will have to go through will be terrific, while the distance over which he will travel might afford youths of a dreamy arithmetical turn of mind the opportunity for some highly interesting and deeply abstruse calculations. Herr Wilhelmj will be accompanied by one companion only: Herr Rudolph Niemann, a pupil of Bülow's and Liszt's. The principal pieces in his programme will be the Violin-Concertos by Svendsen, Raff, Hegar, and Bruch; his own arrangements of Chopin's C sharp minor Polonaise, and of the Romance and Larghetto from the same composer's Piano Forte Concertos; of Wagner's "Album Blatt," &c.; Beethoven's Violin Concerto; Bach's Chaconne and Fugues, Schumann's works, and many more, besides, in conjunction with Herr Niemann, Sonatas by Beethoven, Greig, Raff, and Rubinstein.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC,
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Angels, guide the little feet. 3. Eb to c. Thomas. 35
"Through the night and through the day"
"Till they reach the Saviour's side."
Hardly needs commendation, as the beautiful sentiment and good music will make way for it everywhere.
It is of the Lord's great Mercies. Duet from Oratorio of Abraham. 4. E to g. Molique. 40
A Tenor and Bass duet, between Abraham and Isaac. We do not usually think of these patriarchs as singers, but there is no reason why they might not have been. A solidly good duet.
Ave Maria. For Mezzo Soprano. 4. D to c. Booth. 30
Ave Maria for Quartet of Female Voices. 4. F to f. " 30
Compositions of classical beauty.
Heart, cease thy fond complaining. (Pace a quest alma oppressa). Terzettino. 5 C to g. Campana. 60
For two Sopranos and Basso, or Tenor, Soprano and Basso. A first class trio, most effective for concert purposes.
When in the stillly Hour of Night. 4. Eb to c. Abt. 30
"With contrite heart I turn to thee,
Hear thou the sailor's prayer at sea."
A beautiful prayer, and worthy companion to such an one as the Battle Prayer.
Mr. Varley's Songs. With Portrait. each, 40
No. 1. Wake thee my dear. 4. F to f. Varley.
"While such a moon is beaming."
No. 2. The Thorn. 3. G to g. Shield.
"From the white blossomed side my dear Chloe requested
A sprig her fair breast to adorn."
No. 7. Floweret of the Dale. 3. D to c. Molloy.
"Thro' thine eyelids darkling
Dewy tears are sparkling."
The above are three out of eight songs of very decided merit, having the form and simplicity of ballads, with an exquisite arrangement of words and music. That is, they have the attractiveness of the best concert pieces without their difficulty.

Instrumental.

- Twilight Waltz. (Im Dämmerlicht). 3. C. Faust. 70
Among the best of Faust's waltzes, and that is saying a great deal.
Pilliwink Polka. 3. C. Morey. 30
Not by Johnny Smoker, but it would go well on his "fife," as it is exceedingly brilliant.
Prayer of the Angels. 4. Ab. Maylath. 40
In the first portion is the rich, solemn melody of a prayer, which air re-appears in a sort of transcription on the following pages. The piece ends with somewhat rapid arpeggios, tremolo, &c.
Ripples on the Lake. 6. F. S. Smith. 80
A beautiful melody brought out with arpeggio chords, and afterwards most brilliantly varied. Requires considerable practice.
Golden Album Leaves. No. 4. Gentil Polka. 2. C. Maylath. 25
Very simple, but a fine polka.
Posthumous Works of Gottschalk.
These "works" consist of 14 pieces, from manuscripts in possession of the family. The 9th one, or
Chant de Guerre. (War Chant). 6. Db. 1.00
Reminds one somewhat of Warren's "Tam O'Shanter," but is much more difficult, and is fiery enough for any warrior.

Books.

- REPERTOIRIO DI SOLFEGGI, for Soprano and Mezzo Soprano Voices. By Gaetano Nava. With Latin or Italian and English words. By T. T. Barker. Published in 5 books. each 1.50
The book at present to notice is Book I. Italian Solfeggi are to the voice what soft buckskin is to furniture. It never scratches, is safe to use, and the sooner you use it the smoother and more polished becomes the wood. So soft Italian melodies, when of the right compass, may be used "ad libitum" without injury, nay with certain benefit. The airs in Book 1st, are exercises on 3ds, 4ths and 5ths.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter: as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

